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A REMINISCENCE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY PHILA H. CASE.

I remember it all, how the spicy breeze
Blow from the forest of date and palm,
And the bird that sang in the lotus trees
Had folded its scarlet wings. What a calm
Hung over the sea, and the dusky waves
Beat low on the pearly, milk-white shore,
As we fancy far down in ocean caves,
Bright footsteps beat on the emerald floor.

I remember how softly the silvery chime
Of the vesper bell came to us there,
And all the sweets of that passionate clime
Were throbbing upon the sleepy air.
There came the odor of orange flowers,
And the coffee blossoms, creamy white,
And the perfume wafted from tamarind
bowers,
Pulsed over the brow of that languid
night.

A cloud as light as a snowy dove
Sailed into the sunset's brilliancy,
And we listened rapt to the song of love.
The bulbul sang on a banyan tree:
And he said, "Dear love, at last my own,
There is not another on earth so fair,"
And he took the pomgranate flowers that
shone
Like drops of flame in my jetty hair.

Then he called me his darling, his wayward
child,
And kissed my fingers one by one,
And I worshipped him then with a passion
wild,
As the Persian worships the glorious sun.
And I cannot tell how the anger came
That raged like a demon in my breast—
But I think of it now with a flush of shame,
How I filled my life with this mad unrest.

Then bitter words from my passionate lips,
Fell fast in a shower of withering scorn,
That followed him as a pirate ship
Might follow the rosy light of morn:
Then I turned and fled, and we never met
Since I left him there 'neath the cocoa's
shade,
But the ghost of a pitiful sad regret
Has followed, where'er my feet have
strayed.

Oh! beautiful yet as a poet's dream,
Is that tropical isle far over the sea,
Where I sat with my love and watched the
gleam
Of a scarlet wing in the lotus tree;
But I see no longer the groves of palm,
Or the cloud as light as a snowy dove,
And feel no more the air of balm,
Or list to the bulbul's song of love.
And I am alone. Ah! I shattered my heart
When I left him—and sadder than all is
this,
That my own hand tore love's chain apart,
And dashed from my lips the cup of bliss.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Masingberd," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DOCTOR'S DIFFICULTY.

Although poor Mr. Crawford had been found in his hammock cold as a stone in a sling, Mr. Carstairs had at once been sent for; and notwithstanding that he knew his professional services were not needed, the good-natured little man had hurried to Gray-crag, for the sake of her whom the dead man had left alone in the world. Of course, his first visit was paid to the chamber of death. The servants, weeping from the sudden strangeness of the event rather than from sorrow, unless, perhaps, some of them were touched for their young mistress's sake, were directed to retire—except Cubra, who had been so long the old man's confidential attendant—and the doctor stood by the dead man's side alone. There lay the fellow creature who had been his host but lately, and his patient for some trifling ailment only two days before. He had been an old man, it was true; but he had had no immediate warning of this fate; the gaunt form was wan and thin enough, but so it had always been since Mr. Carstairs had known him. There was nothing to account for so sudden a failure of the vital powers.

"Poor old man!" That was the only piece of sentiment in which the little doctor, accustomed to see death claim the aged, permitted himself to indulge. He was musing upon what he should say to the unhappy girl that was awaiting him below; what scheme he should propose to her for her future life, for he felt that he was the only counselor she had, when something about the lips of the corpse attracted his attention.

"Draw the curtain still more back, Cubra," said he, hastily. "Give me the last light you can."

He bent over the dead man's face—al-

ready like the work of a sculptor's chisel—and then drew back, with something like horror depicted on his own.

Any one who had been looking in at that bedroom window would also have shrunk aghast from another face—that of Cubra herself, who was staring forth upon the lawn without, with cheeks of leaden hue, and eyes rolling in their sockets.

"Do you hear me, Cubra? more light," reiterated the doctor.

"Yes, Massa Carstairs," she obeyed his mandate, yet did not turn her gaze towards him; but her ears were strained to catch his every word and movement.

"How strange!" he murmured. Then, passing to the mantel-piece, whereon stood a couple of bottles, he took out their corks and smelt at their contents. They were both from his own dispensary.

"Cubra," said he, carelessly, "did your poor master take any other medicines than those I used to send him?"

"Never, Massa Carstairs, never. Poor

masse never liked medicine."

"Now, look at me, Cubra; you knew your master's ways better than anybody. Are you quite sure that he did not keep by him, in his desk, or in a drawer, anything to stop pain—he suffered from toothache, you know, for instance—now, try and recollect; was there no box or bottle from which he used to take something to relieve it?"

Cubra shook her head. "No; she was 'certain sure' such was not the case. Masse did not mind pain, like other folks."

Mr. Carstairs knew that this was true; for the old man, although it was his whim to be considered more of an invalid than he really was, had been a very stoic with respect to physical pain.

Mr. Robert Augustus Carstairs, F.R.C.S., had his weak professional side—a tendency not uncommon among the faculty to assign all ailments to one particular disease, and to exaggerate the effects thereof—but he was both a sagacious and a scientific man. Affecting to be convinced by Cubra's replies, he determined to ask a question or two elsewhere respecting the matter which had so much moved him. It was impossible to get any information out of this black domestic. She was faithful, no doubt, and it was to be hoped to a greater degree than any white woman, for she was certainly far sturdier.

If the late Mr. Crawford had really kept secreted about him any such thing as he (the doctor) suspected, it was in the highest degree unlikely that Cubra should have been made his confidante. Mr. Carstairs descended to the drawing-room, where he found poor Agnes alone. She was very sad and pale; but her tears were not falling now. She had been praying to One who wipes tears away from all eyes, and had found present comfort.

Good people, as a rule (with the exception of utterly heartless folks,) weep least when Heaven takes away those nearest to them. She could not trust herself to speak much; but she had ears to hear all that was necessary to be said.

The little doctor took her hand in his with fatherly tenderness, and addressed to her a few unconventional words of sympathy. "Can I see your cousin, dear Miss Agnes?" inquired he; "for it must rest with him, of course, to arrange—"

"No," replied she, shaking her head. "Richard is quite unable for such a task. I never saw him so utterly unwell as when—"

Here she broke down a little; then resumed, "No, my dear Mr. Carstairs, I must trust wholly to your kindness in this matter."

"I am sorry," mused the doctor; "not," added he, hastily, "that I grudge either time or trouble in such a service, my dear young lady, but because I had certain questions to ask of him—mere matters of form it is true—but which must be more or less distressing to a daughter, respecting your poor father's death."

She bowed her head, in sign of her willingness to hear him.

"Did Mr. Crawford suffer, to your knowledge, from any chronic, or other pain, such as might have induced him to take opiates—or even stronger palliatives?"

"Certainly not. I should say that my poor dear father—considering his great age—was signally free from such maladies. He never had even so much as an attack of rheumatism."

"He suffered, however, much at times, did he not, from depression of spirits?"

"Yes."

"Was that depression hypochondriacal, or resulting from some sufficient cause; I do not of course seek to pry into the nature of it, but was there a cause?"

"There was."

"Was that cause likely to have increased with years, or to have diminished?"

"To have diminished."

At this Mr. Carstairs looked sharply up into the grave young face, but nothing save truth was to be read therein.

"There was no immediate apprehension, then, hanging over your father, such as, combined with this depression, or independent of it, might have affected his reason?"

"Oh, sir, he spoke to me last night—as

wisely, kindly—"here she hesitated; "we had a long talk together, and little did I imagine that it was to be the last between us."

"Forgive me the pain I see I am inflicting, dear Miss Agnes, but, during that conversation did he mention nothing of importance which was also novel, and such as dwelling upon a mind already enfeebled, might go far even to overthrow it."

"We spoke of an important matter, but it was one on which we had talked before. There were no secrets—none—between myself and him."

"Did you agree on that in which you talked, or was there a difference of opinion?"

"We agreed."

"Nothing then has taken place, to your knowledge, since I saw your father last, to give him any sudden mental shock?"

"No."

"Nothing to disturb or distress him?"

"Richard had an interview with him yesterday morning; I suppose about my cousin's going to sea. They were not on such good terms with one another as I could have wished—as I wish now more than ever. But my father was never put out by any disagreement with Richard, and he did not even mention that there had been such when I talked with him in the evening."

"And is Mr. Richard absolutely too ill to see me?"

"Yes, Mr. Carstairs. I am very anxious about my cousin. At times—and particularly of late—I have almost thought that he has not entirely recovered from that sunstroke which he received when upon the coast of Africa. I am not alarmed, except for himself, you will understand," added she, hastily, perceiving the doctor's grave looks, "but I do think his position precarious."

"What you have told me, my dear Miss Agnes, is only one more reason added to those which have already occurred to me, why you should not remain at Graycrag."

"Oh, Mr. Carstairs; could I leave him?" cried she, with a piteous glance in the direction of her father's room.

"You can be of no use to him more, dear girl. You will, of course, attend the funeral if you feel it well to do so; but in the meantime, you should not be here. I have already secured you rooms at widow Marcon's, at the Brae Cottage, if you will consent to remove thither. She is a good motherly person, and has herself experienced a recent sorrow that will make her sympathize with yours. With your cousin in such a state as you describe—independently of other very valid reasons—it is only right, nay, necessary, that you should move thither at once. You will have nothing to reproach yourself with, I hope, in leaving all matters here in my hands. Cubra will of course accompany you. Come, will you give me your promise, like a good girl?"

"I will do what you will, Mr. Carstairs, upon one condition. Tell me what has killed my poor dear father."

"Killed him, my child!—for I must be your father now—how ever can you use such words? He died of that commonest disease of all, old age. But, since it was so very sudden, it was my duty to ask those questions. Richard, if he had been himself, would have understood the necessity of them at once, although they seem so strange to you."

For serious, systematic, kindly lying, there is nobody that approaches your honest medical man. He will assure the husband (with the best intentions, and for his physical good, mind you), lying upon the bed, which his science tells him he will never leave with life, of returning strength; he will bid the wife, worn out with watching by his side, and to whom an refreshing sleep is priceless, to be of good cheer, for that there is healthiest hope. And used to these pious frauds, Mr. Carstairs at first his words as though he were dropping drops from the phial of the very quinquessence of truth, and Agnes Crawford believed them.

"When we poor mortals have struggled on to eighty years," continued the doctor, "death can scarcely be said to come upon us unawares. If its approach be sudden, so much the better—that is, if we are only prepared for it in—spiritual sense; with the young and the unprepared, alas! it is very different."

Cunning Mr. Carstairs walked to the window as though he did not wish his countenance to be perceived. His object was to interest his hearer in something else—no matter of it was itself distressing—than that with which her mind was oppressed; to lift, if but for a few minutes, the dull weight of that desolation which sits upon the mourner's soul and crushes the life-springs. His attempt succeeded. Agnes, always solicitous for others, inquired of whom he spoke.

"Of John Carlyon."

"What of him?" cried Agnes, starting to her feet. "He is not ill, I trust; not dying—oh, no, surely, sir, he is not dying?"

The doctor had overheard her mark. With clasped hands, and suddenly tearful eyes, the young girl stood before him, the very picture of despair. In closing one channel of grief he had opened the flood-gates of a deeper woe.

"Mr. Carlyon is not in any immediate danger, that I know of, my dear young lady. But his is not a good life. I mean, he has a disease—heart complaint—which may carry him off at any moment, and with which it is not to be expected that he can live long."

"How long have you known this, Mr. Carstairs?"

"Not long. Only since that day when he saved your life upon the sands."

"Oh, would to heaven that I had known it, too," cried Agnes, passionately. "I might have tried more earnestly to move him than I did. He is not fit to die, doctor."

"Few of us are, my dear young lady. Yet he has a noble soul, and a kind heart."

"He has, I know it. That such a one should be lost is only the more terrible."—Here she paused a moment. "Does Mrs. Newman—does his sister know of his sad state? I mean, as to health."

"Yes; I thought it my duty to acquaint her with it, in order that some reconciliation might be effected. But she would not move in the matter. She said that she had washed her hands of him. She is a hard woman. Carlyon once remarked that she had made a religion for herself out of the worst parts of Christianity, and certainly she is one of those who makes its profession repulsive. He has gone to London, and will not return to Woodless any more. They will never meet again in this world, those two—be calm, my dear young lady; be like yourself, and bear with patience what God Himself permits to be. I cannot, I dare not, leave you in this state. You will come to the Brae, like a good girl. I have a close carriage at the door."

He spoke to her as though she were a child, and, like a child, she listened, and obeyed him.

"I suppose you are right, doctor," returned she, feebly; "as I am sure you are kind. Yes, I will go with you. But first let me take leave of him for the last time."

"No, my dear young lady," replied the doctor, firmly; "that must not be. It may seem cruel, but I am only doing what he would wish could those cold lips speak. Think of him as you saw him last."

"I understand, sir. Alas, alas!"

"A good girl, a wise and dutiful girl. I will ring for Cubra, and she will get ready such things as you may require. Mrs. Marcon quite expects you both."

"You will see Richard, sir, before you go."

"True, I had forgotten him; I will look to him at once."

"Tell him, please, with my kindest love, Mr. Carstairs—his cousin's love—that I do not feel equal to wishing him good-bye to-day. In a day or two—after the—"

"Yes, yes, I will manage all that," returned the doctor. "Of course you cannot see him. Here is Cubra—that's well."

The black woman put a key into his hand, and whispered a few words, unobserved by her young mistress, who lay back on the sofa with closed eyes, conscious of nothing save her bereavement.

"I will ring for them when they are to come up," resumed he, in the same low voice. Get together what your mistress will require for the next few days. You must go with her to Widow Marcon's at once. The sooner she gets from this house the better. Where is Mr. Richard?"

"He is gone out, sir."

"Gone out? Where has he gone?"

"God Almighty knows. Gone for a long walk, he said; his head was bad. He takes poor Masse's death to heart so much."

Mr. Carstairs nodded, and left the room.

"That's strange," muttered he. "He was in the house when I came, for I saw him at his bedroom window. I wonder why he doesn't wish to see me." Once more, the doctor sought the chamber of death; once more bent over the dead man—and, as he did so, his countenance grew graver than ever.

"This is horrible," murmured he. "It would kill her to think that he killed himself, and would benefit nobody. But if there has been foul play—yet that is impossible. He rang the bell, and summoned the man-servant, while he set his seal upon the desk, wherein he knew lay the dead man's will. For Mr. Crawford had been more communicative to the doctor of late than to any other person. Then the chamber was again given up to those who minister the last rites to poor humanity."

Mr. Carstairs saw the carriage depart containing the unhappy Agnes and her attendant; then followed close behind it on his pony.

"At all risks, I will spare her if I can," murmured he. "It will be time enough to make a stir when the will is read, and if anybody but herself is found to derive benefit from the old man's death. I wonder why Richard would not see me."

CHAPTER XXIV.

TOWED ASTERS.

Months have passed away since the events recorded in the last chapter. In the will of Mr. Crawford no other name save that of his daughter was mentioned. Richard's little property had been somewhat improved while

in his uncle's care, and was found more than sufficient for his own very simple needs. He had had an interview with Mr. Carstairs after his uncle's funeral, in which he had behaved with unexpected calmness and good sense. He was very solicitous about his own state of health, and seemed to be well aware that there was danger with respect to his mind. He owned that he still felt the effects of the sunstroke received two years ago, although only on occasions of excitement. He spoke of his uncle with respect, but without any hypocritical regret. He felt sorry, he said, now that Mr. Crawford was dead, that they had not been better friends; but confessed that they never had got on agreeably together. Any lingering suspicion which the doctor may have entertained of "foul play" in the matter of the old man's death was entirely done away with, and whatever views he still entertained with respect to the untimeliness of his decease, he attached no blame to Richard. He was much ashamed of himself at having ever harbored so groundless a prejudice, and felt a kindly interest in one he had so gravely wronged in thought. He cordially approved of the young man's proposition to mix with the world for a little before going to sea again, and Richard accordingly set out for London.

Agnes was greatly pleased at the unexpected good sense exhibited by her cousin. When he came to bid her good-bye, he showed no trace of that wilfulness and passion he had been used to exhibit, and which had caused her to regard him of late (although she did not own it to herself) with less of affection than alarm. Perhaps, out of regard for her recent bereavement, perhaps, because he felt that he had really no chance of winning her heart, he made no direct allusion to his love for her, and even the hint he dropped was so slight that it did not strike her with any force until long afterwards. He said that he felt it was better for him to leave Mellor for the present, but that he should see her again—she might depend on that—before he undertook another voyage. When he spoke of writing to him in the meantime, he answered, "No, Agnes; I had rather there was silence between us for the present. I shall hear about you, and of everything you do—that is, Mr. Carstairs has promised to let me know." He was manifestly making a gallant effort to shake off his hopeless passion, and at parting she was more deeply moved, or seemed to be so, than he. She mentally blessed the kindly little doctor for his good offices which, while releasing her from a most embarrassing attachment, had left her an affectionate well-wisher and friend in her only cousin.

So Richard Crawford, like John Carlyon, was swallowed up in the great world of London, where men do, even more than elsewhere, what is right in their own eyes; and Agnes was left in her little world at Mellor—shrunken to small dimensions, indeed by their secession—at Widow Marcon's cottage, "The Brae."

A very pretty little dwelling it was, on the very margin of the bay, down to which the small garden, with its couple of tiny terraces and lilliputian arbor, sloped. A bay palace, fit for a queen (of Titania's nature), with a very limited court. The widow, finding herself but ill provided for at her husband's death, had taken the place with a speculative eye. Such a bly of a villa residence could not fail to attract some elderly spinster or widow like herself, or even two sisters (if they did not mind occupying the same sleeping apartment, for there was but one "best bed-room")—it was such a lovely spot, and so adapted for persons of elegant tastes and limited incomes. There was a dining-room, in which one could not quite give what is called a dinner party, but three could sit down in it very comfortably, and even more, if the fourth didn't mind getting up from her seat to let the servant pass round the table.

This room opened upon a lawn, soft as a carpet (and not at all larger than are the common run of carpets)—the only naturally level piece of ground in the whole fairy domain. The dining-room opened upon "the hall," upon the white stone floor of which, you might have eaten your dinner, so far as cleanliness was concerned, and provided you did not have more than one dish up at a time, for there would not have been room for more; and, on the other side of the hall—a good long step (for a short person)—lay the drawing-room, quite a stately apartment by comparison with the rest, and capable of accommodating six persons—four in the body of the room, and two in the bow window, which was built in a bower of honeysuckle and roses, and looked, from the outside, like a bird's nest. The rent of "The Brae"—which, considered as a model for a habitation, was really perfect, however absurd as a real dwelling house for grown-up people—was small even in proportion to its dimensions; but then Miss Crawford was such an eligible tenant for "not giving trouble," and for "putting up" with the widow's shortcomings and ignorance confessed of how "the quality" required to be served; and also, in all probability, "you see," said the widow, in confidence to her gossip, "she would be for a permanency."

Thus, though the income hitherto paid to her father, notwithstanding his change of name, by the good-will of the Government, had, of course, ceased, what with her very moderate out-goings in respect to lodging, and her inexpensive habits of living, Agnes, so far from being poor, was able to make more considerable investments even than before in that stock which, though it pays but little more to its debenture holders at present than the London Chatham and Dover Rail way, is spoken of by the clergy and others as likely one day to return an immense percentage. If giving to the poor is lending to the Lord, as there is good reason to believe, Agnes Crawford was laying up for herself much treasure in heaven. And yet she was not happy. That the prosperity of the wicked (unless prosperity means happiness) should offend us almost beyond reconciliation, appears unreasonable, compared with the distrust inspired by the unhappiness of the good. That (as it seems to me) is a matter that much more requires an obedient, unquestioning faith. It is certain that Agnes Crawford was not happy. Unlike that pious gentleman who deemed it a cause of thankfulness to himself and the elect that there were "babes a-sleep long in hell," she not only wished that no little one should perish, but, if it were possible, not a single soul, and especially not John Carlyon's soul. What a short time had he to live, and in the midst of life how near was he to death; and yet what could she do? Many a night she lay awake in her sea-bordered home, while the great winter tides swirled in and out, and the wind moaned and shrieked like a lost spirit, thinking with aching heart of him who saved her from the roaring flood, but whom she could not save. What was he doing, what was he thinking, what was he believing, during those precious unreturning months? Mr. Carlyon had heard from him once or twice, but only with respect to certain business matters of a nature to be entrusted to him rather than to Mr. Scrivens. He was setting his house in order in one sense, yet there was no sign of carefulness for the most important matter of all. How often were her small, white hands wedded in vicarious supplication—how often was his name whispered to God through those pure lips! Many men have intercessors of this sort (beside the Great One), who innocent themselves, little know what sins they would have shriven; and Heaven grant such prayers may not be altogether unanswered. Let us trust there must be something good in the object, however unworthy, that can provoke such supplications.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Artemus on His Travels.

Did you ever hear of the late Artemus Ward's experience in travelling without method? He left New York by a night boat. Directly a man spoke to him, saying, "Going West, are you?"

Said Artemus, "I suppose so." Then said the man, "As I'm from the West, we'll go drink."

"Do you drink brandy?" said the man.

"I suppose so," said Artemus.

"Where in the thunder do you go, then?" said the man.

"Well, I'm going anywhere for a month. Just as other men lead me. I've travelled with purpose till I'm sick. A purpose is worse than baggage. I'm going on, that's all I know."

The man said he was with Browne till death. He had never done anything a purpose. "So," he said, "suppose we go to my state-room and play a game of poker."

They played poker till daylight, when Browne was very tight. He had lost four or five hundred dollars. A second man joined them at Albany. "So you two be travelling by chance, as you may say? Well, I'm with you to the death." They got off the boat, and a hack driver said, "Where do you want to go, gentlemen?" "Anywhere," go on. He drove to a barroom with much alacrity. There they made so great a noise that the proprietor cried, "Where be you going, men?" "Don't care." "Then go out!" They met a policeman on the sidewalk. "Where are you bound?" "Anywhere." "Then I'll pose the station house will suit." Charles Browne was pulled up before the judge next day; he gravely gave the name of Gerritt Smith, and Gerritt was fined for drunkenness. "Where now?" cried the purposeful ones. They saw a sign—"Utica train," and they went to Utica. There a stage-driver called them, "Where be you going?" "Anywhere." So they started for Troyen Falls. The third day of boiling, they took a pony ride up into the wilderness, permitting the rags to select their own route. Suddenly, the original man produced a pistol.

"Hand out your money," he cried, very sternly, to Browne.

Browne complied with great complacency.

"We brought you out here to rob you," said the second man.

"Then," said Browne, "you're deuced swindlers. We were to travel without method, and you've had a method all along. I don't care a nonpareil whether you shoot me or not; but I won't have the travelling contract broken."

"We said," cried the first man, cold-bloodedly, "that we'd follow you to the death. You're up to that put now, party close."

"I object to nothing," said Browne; "I said I would travel anywhere. You skunked me. Put up your trunks, we'll spend this money together."

The two thieves laughed. "You're cool enough," they said. "What are you by name and business?"

"I'm Artemus Ward."

"Did you write the visit to the Shakers?"

"Yes."

"Well, Bill, put up your gun. I thought this was Artemus. We'll spend his money instead of his brains."

But Charles Browne grew methodical on the homeward route, and steered for New York alone.

They have a queer idea of "prohibition" in Vienna. The police recently threatened a lager-beer seller to fine him heavily if he did not increase the size of his glasses.

In Canada silver is so plenty that traders are refusing it in payment of debts above the legal tender, and people write complaints to the papers about "the silver nuisance."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1897.

NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

THE ELECTIONS.

The elections have come and gone—some what like a whirlwind.

Of course, as we chose, we could explain the whole matter—just as clearly as our political contemporaries. But as THE POST is a literary paper, its editor must forbear.

In one opinion, however, we are pleased to see that all the politicians agree. Differing as the Republican and Democratic editors do in almost everything else—one side stating twenty reasons why the election went as it did, and the other side giving as many reasons of a diametrically opposite character—in one view they all unite. We may therefore, we think, without offence to President Johnson, General Grant, Thaddeus Stevens, or "any other man," give as a conclusion upon which all are agreed, that the defeated party—whichever it is—lost this election, in the same way that so many preceding parties have lost their elections.

By not polling a sufficient number of votes. Here is the great secret of political success—bring out your men—poll more votes than the opposition party—and you cannot fail to succeed! This is the rule that "old" Andrew Jackson and "old" Abraham Lincoln adopted, and by which they were able to do that very difficult feat, as one would at first thought suppose, "carry the country." So certain is this rule in its operations, that there is little doubt that the adroit politician who invented the plan to "vote early, vote often, and keep on voting," would undoubtedly have caused his party always to succeed, had he not once paid an unfortunate visit to the penitentiary, and forgot to come out before the door was closed.

In conclusion, we have one piece of advice to give both Republicans and Democrats.—TAKE THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. It will make you reasonable in victory, console you in your defeat, and confer such general knowledge and good sense upon your boys, that when they grow up and come to vote, they will do what the politicians of both parties are continually telling their fellow-citizens to do, "vote right."

Be careful how you take political papers. But if you do take one political paper, always take two; one of your own way of thinking, and the ablest one you can find on the opposite side. This was the way Abraham Lincoln did, as Mr. Herndon, his law-partner, tells us. And it is a capital way to keep a man from running into ridiculous extremes. Of course it is more difficult to come to a decision when you read both sides—but then your decision will be worth something. Every day do we hear men making fools of themselves in conversation, as a consequence of only reading one side of public questions, and believing implicitly everything that their own party leaders and editors say.

No reader of THE POST should do this. Brethren, if you must meddle with politics, and read political papers,—and we suppose you must—always read both sides. Then you will generally have a pretty correct idea of the merits and demerits of all public men, and public measures, you will not be so much the tools of parties and politicians, and will be able always to vote understandingly, and like free, patriotic and independent men.

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST.

We call attention to the advertisement of this monthly journal. The Agriculturist is one of the best of the agricultural monthlies, and deserves the liberal support which it receives.

A Russian engineer exhibits at the Paris Exposition a railway invention which has attracted considerable attention. The object is to save the power gained by a descent, now lost by the friction of the brakes with wear and tear, and use it in an ascent. To do this the engine has attached to the locomotive two very heavy fly wheels. Going down hill they act as a brake, and the force they gather will carry the train up an equal rise, less the friction.

A great many of those who talk most about Liberty, have no other idea of Liberty than this—the Liberty of forcing by law other people to do what you think right. Now the very essence of the true idea of Liberty is Free Agency. And men should only be restrained by law from interference with the free agency of others (as by theft, murder, &c.)—not in the exercise of their own free agency in things which concern themselves.

The French government has just ordered 800,000 waistbelts, each having attached to it a small medicine box. The latter will contain whatever is necessary to five, in a rough way, a first dressing to a wound, or to stop dysentery. The whole will cost about 1,500,000fr.

In a Chicago theatre, a few evenings since, a dandy youth was staring persistently at a gentleman's wife, through an opera glass, when the married man took the printed card "Taken," which lay on a reserved seat near by, and held it up before his wife. The youth looked no more.

Mrs. Lincoln, according to a report in the Boston Post, will become an authoress, and is writing a book entitled "Five Years in the White House."

Libraries are the shrines where all the relics of saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion and imposture, are preserved and reposed.

CITY FARMING.—A farmer, in relating his experience in city farming, said, "I put outside my window a large box, filled with mould, and sowed it with seed. What do you think came up?"

"Wheat, barley, or oats?"

"No, a policeman, who ordered me to remove it."

Miss Riggs, who married Mr. Howard in Washington, received \$100,000 worth of bridal presents.

No Repudiation.

The Secretary of the Treasury has recently written the following letter to a gentleman in New York. It will be perceived that the Secretary comes right up to the mark. We may add that as to the question of paying in paper or in coin, the thing properly managed will settle itself. By proper economy in our national and other expenditures, greenbacks can be brought in a few years to be equivalent to gold—and this is the policy all should strive after. The following is the Secretary's letter:—

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Oct. 7, 1897.
DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 4th inst. is received. Too much importance is attached to the utterance to which you refer. The people of the United States are all sound upon the question of the preservation of the national faith as they were upon the question of the preservation of the Union. I consider the faith of the Government pledged to pay the five-twenty bonds when they are paid in coin.

There need be, I think, no apprehension that they will be called in at the expiration of five (5) years from their respective dates and paid in United States notes.

The United States notes were issued under the pressure of a great necessity, and are, by authority of Congress, being rapidly withdrawn from circulation. No more can be issued under existing laws, nor can I believe that any considerable number of the members of Congress would favor an additional issue for any purpose whatever, much less for the purpose of paying bonds in violation of the express understanding under which they were negotiated.

The policy of contracting the circulation of United States notes adopted by Congress and being steadily pursued by the Secretary, should of itself, even if the honor of the nation were not involved in the question, satisfy holders that five-twenty bonds will not be called in and paid before maturity in a depreciated currency. Very truly yours,

H. McCULLOCH, Secretary.

An Absent-Minded Judge.

Quite an amusing adventure befell Judge Van Buren on Saturday evening, which created no small amount of merriment among his friends. The judge, it appears, had ordered a new pair of boots from a shoemaker on State street, and he went over on Saturday to put them on. The shoemaker put up the old boots in a brown paper parcel, and his honor walked away with the parcel in his hand, the new boots on his feet. Coming to a huckster stand opposite the post-office, he spied a pair of fine fat chickens, which he thought would make an excellent Sunday dinner. He bought them, and the storekeeper put them up in a brown paper parcel. The judge, rather heavily laden, proceeded homeward with the old boots in one hand and the chickens in the other. "After all," thought he, "the old boots are of no use to me anyhow. I may as well give them to some poor man and relieve myself. It will be doing a charity to both parties." At the corner of the street he encountered a colored man.

"Here, friend," said the judge, handing him a brown paper parcel, "there's a present for you, and I hope they'll fit."

"Thank you, sir," said the astonished shade; "I'm sure they will." And he went on his way rejoicing.

The judge also went on his way glad at heart. He met some friends at the door of Mr. Jordan, the undertaker, on Clark street. "Good evening," Mr. Jordan, said his honor, in a cheery tone; "business brisk?"

Mr. Jordan looked grave.

"I have just bought a pair of splendid chickens," said the judge, "for Sunday dinner. Just look at them." And he proceeded to open the parcel for inspection.

"Chickens!" exclaimed Mr. Jordan; "why they look mighty like a pair of very old boots. I shouldn't like to have them chickens in my stomach."

The judge took off his hat, scratched his head. "Why, hang me if I haven't given that dork the chickens after all. Well, I'm a pair of boots ahead, and a pair of chickens short."—Chicago Tribune.

SUMMER'S DEATH.

By the lengthening twilight hours;
By the chill and fragrant showers;
By the flow'rs pale and faded;
By the leaves with sunset shaded;
By the gray and clouded morn;
By the drooping ears of corn;
By the meadows, overgrown;
By the spider's wavy thread;
By the soft and shadowy sky;
By the thousand tints that he
Every weeping bough beneath—
Summer, we perceive thy death!

Summer, all thy charms are past;
Summer, thou art wasting fast;
Scarcely one of all thy roses
On thy faded brow remains.
Thrush and nightingale have long
Ceased to woo thee with their song;
And, on every lonely height,
Swallows gather for their flight;
While the will wind's dreary tone,
Sweeping through the valleys lone,
Sadly sighs with mournful breath,
Requiem for sweet Summer's death.

ALL RIGHT.—There was a good woman at Andover, who, in the time of the old Armenian controversy, went to her minister in great trouble, one day, saying, "Doctor, they say you are an Armenian." "An Armenian? that I am an Armenian! Why, I was born down here in Duxbury, and have never been out of the state in all my life." "I thought they maligned ye," said the good woman, who departed quite relieved and thoroughly satisfied that her minister was all right.

A certain judge, pronouncing sentence of death upon an Irishman, said:—"You shall be taken to the place of execution and there be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul!" At this the prisoner exclaimed:—"Hold there, judge; I want none of your prayers, for I never knew any one to live long after you prayed for him!"

A foreign journal announces that the railway from Paris to Strasburg has now three-story cars for first, second, and third-class passengers.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Splendid Inducements for 1898.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelties for next year:—

A DEAD MAN'S RULK. By Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman had Her Way," &c.
THE DEBARKY FORTUNE. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," &c.
FLEEING FROM FATE. By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "Juno Clifford," &c.

These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.
The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings, illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS:—\$2.50 A YEAR.

SPLENDID PREMIUM OFFERS.

We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums (in all respects) as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

The contents of The Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 15 cts. Address

DEACON & PETERSON.

No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Dickens's Vision.

In a recent number of his journal Dickens gives an account of a vision which he had, and to which he does not hesitate to ascribe a supernatural character. It occurs in a note which he appends to an article from a contributor who has a theory to propose concerning spectral appearances. His own story is as follows:—"We dreamed that we were in a large assembly and saw a lady in a bright red wrapper, whom we thought we knew. Her back being toward us, we touched her. On looking round she disclosed a face that was unknown to us, and, on apologizing, said, pleasantly, 'I am Miss N—', mentioning a name, not the name of any friend or acquaintance we had, although a well-known name. The dream was unusually vivid, and we awoke. On the very next evening we recognized (with a strange feeling) coming in at the open door of our room the lady of the dream, in the bright red wrapper. More extraordinary still, the lady was presented by the friend who accompanied her, as Miss N—, the name in the dream. No circumstances, near or remote, that we could ever trace, in the least accounted for this. The lady came on an real, common-place visit, in pursuance of an appointment quite unexpectedly made with the lady who introduced her, only on the night of the dream. From the latter we had no previous knowledge of her name nor of her existence."

THE MOST MERCIFUL MODE OF KILLING ANIMALS.

To kill animals for market with the least possible cruelty has been the object of some recent experiments made in French slaughter-houses at Vincennes. At present oxen are slaughtered by blows from heavy hammers on the head, which inflict torture on the unfortunate victims. The idea occurred to an eminent French physiologist that the section of the spine would produce more instant death. This, however, has not been demonstrated. An ox thus killed lived for twelve minutes, and endured during that time the most horrible sufferings. Decapitation was then tried, with the following curious results:—"A calf was decapitated in the space of a quarter of a minute. It head was then placed on a table. In six minutes two ounces and a half of blood were lost. During the first minute the face was frightfully convulsed, the mouth opened and shut as though the animal were eating; and, strange to say, on putting the hand against the mouth and nostrils, it was easy to feel the respiration continuing." Thirty animals were thus killed, and the result of the observations taken was that the committee decided that the old practice of killing by means of blows from a hammer should be continued. [We should think the most merciful mode was by a bullet in the heart—but we suppose the expense is against this way.—Ed. Post.]

Rev. M. H. Gallagher, in noticing some instances in the education of children, said he knew of a woman who used to tie her boy to a bed post on Sunday, while she went to church, and made him learn the hymn beginning, "Thine earthly Sabbath, Lord, we love."

I remembered Sophia once when she was but a tender lass, and the greeting which I received for my travelling musical convention has never been fully appreciated by me. It was the wretched hour of 1 A. M., when church-yards yawn. Everything was hushed, and stillness reigned profound. I commenced to sing, "I Bring a Little Flower to Thee." Sophia was hanging out of the window, and it was through her solicitation that I endeavored to warble "I Bring a Little Flower to Thee." Sophia's tyrannical pap stuck his head out of the window, and in a voice of thunder roared: "Well, just set it on the door-step, and don't make so much fuss about a blamed little flower."

It is related that turkey cocks are made to do hens' duty in France. They are made drunk with wine, their breasts plucked, and then they are placed on a sitting of eggs. On "coming out of it" they find their breasts cold unless they remain where they are, and therefore accept the situation—that is to say, the hen's.

"Beware of divers, and strange doctrines," was the text of an anti-immersionist preacher.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Home Intelligence.

The Elections.

PHILADELPHIA.—In this city the majority of Hon. George Sharswood, the Democratic candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court, is 2,487; for Gen. Peter Lyle, Democratic candidate for sheriff, 3,952; for Major Joseph N. Peirce, Democratic candidate for City Treasurer, 2,112; for General J. F. Ballier, Democratic candidate for City Commissioner, 1,734; for Joseph Megary, Democratic candidate for Clerk of Orphans' Court, 1,317; for Gen. William A. Leech, Democratic candidate for Register of Wills, 1,198.

Hon. James R. Ludlow, nominated by a citizen's meeting and adopted by the Democratic Convention, is re-elected Judge of the Court of Common Pleas by a majority of 5,560.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Sharswood, (Dem.) has been elected Judge of the Supreme Court by about 1,500 majority. The Legislature is Republican in both branches, with 29 majority on joint ballot. Woodward, (Dem.) has been elected to Congress in the vacant Luzerne district.

OHIO.—Hayes, (Republican) has been elected by a majority of about 2,500. The Legislature is Democratic in both branches, by a majority of from 5 to 10 on joint ballot. This Legislature elects a U. S. Senator, in place of Ben. Wade, whose term expires shortly.

The Working Men's and Democratic candidate in the Cincinnati district, (General Carey) is elected—Republican loss.

The Negro Suffrage amendment is defeated by a large majority—probably 30,000.

INDIANA.—The returns show large Democratic gains.

IOWA.—A Despatch from Des Moines says: "Twenty-nine counties so far heard from, give 14,000 Republican majority; the remaining counties will increase it to 25,000."

CONNECTICUT.—The town elections report a Democratic gain of 17 towns in 100 heard from. There are about 160 towns in the State.

COUNTERFEIT BONDS.—About \$160,000 worth of seven-thirty bonds sent to Washington by New York houses, for redemption, have been pronounced counterfeit by United States Treasurer Spinner. It is believed that considerable quantities of these counterfeits are held in New York and the West. All of them were of the A or B series, ranging within the following named thousands, namely, 68,000, 140,000, 160,000 and 180,000.

The result of the examination, as ordered by the Solicitor of the Treasury, is—

First. The seal is slightly larger than the genuine; the red ink with which it is stamped is a shade lighter, and the points projecting from the seal are blurred, and a little longer than the genuine.

Second. The imprint at the bottom of the face of the bond, is set different in the margin, there being more space given it than in the genuine.

Third. The borders of the coupons which are attached to the counterfeit bonds are larger, while the red figures are finer than in the genuine.

Fourth. The borders of the ornamented lath work are blurred and somewhat indifferently executed.

Fifth. The figures denoting the bond are slightly uneven, while the blue ink in which they are printed is a duller blue, and lacks the metallic glossy appearance of the genuine.

Sixth. There is to the experts a difference in the vignette—the female figure on the face of the bond; the lines are not so well shaded, nor is the black ink so well distributed.

The counterfeit is regarded as one of the most dangerous that has yet been executed. About 250,000 are believed to be in existence. The loss, of course, falls upon the holders, if they cannot prove from whom they received them—not upon the government.

MARYLAND.—The Republican Convention have nominated Judge Bond for Governor. Their resolutions say that the Republican party of Maryland adhere firmly to the principles of manhood suffrage, universal and uniform education and the payment of the national debt, and pledge themselves to fight it out on that line.

A resolution in favor of the nomination of Gen. Grant for President was passed by 64 yeas to 17 nays.

MASSACHUSETTS.—John Quincy Adams, son of Charles Francis Adams, and grandson of "the old man eloquent," has accepted the Democratic nomination for Governor.

WASHINGTON.—The following are Washington items, containing more or less truth: It appears to be certain now that Gen. McClelland, of Illinois, will not succeed General Grant in the War Department. The general belief here is that the result of the elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania puts a quietus upon impeachment.

Gen. Sherman will leave here shortly for New York, and thence go to Missouri.

The Washington Lincoln Monument Association have closed a contract for a monument of Italian marble, to be thirty-six feet high, including a statue of Lincoln, eight feet in height.

Senor Romero, the Mexican envoy, took final leave of the President on Saturday. The United States steamer Wilderness has been placed at his disposal.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger says: "General Grant to-day in conversation on the elections of last Tuesday, said he was pleased with the result, because it would allay anxiety about a conflict of arms and revolution, and compel moderation on the part of extremists, who have been threatening measures that disturbed the public mind, and kept well-disposed citizens in alarm for the stability of the Government and the security of our financial interests."

A distinguished New York Democrat states that on an interview with the President, it is ascertained that there are to be no Cabinet changes for the present, and no variation in the general policy of the Administration. The disposition is to let the Ohio and Pennsylvania elections go for what they are worth; but that should New York declare against the Radical party, "then," said Mr. Johnson, "the Executive Department will be fully equal to the requirements of the times, as indicated by these irresistible expressions of the popular will."

RICHMOND.—THE TRIAL OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.—In view of the trial of Davis double the usual number of Petit Jurors have been ordered to be summoned for the fall term. The Hon. James Lyons was furnished with a copy of the indictment against Davis, General Welles, of Alexandria, it is understood, is engaged on the side of the prosecution. Prosecuting Attorney Chandler leaves to-night for New York to consult with Mr. Davis, who assists him.

THE PLAINS.—On the 5th instant, 431 lodges of Indians were assembled at Medicine Lodge Creek to attend the Peace Council, and 421 lodges were on the way thither. The Cheyennes are said to be now desirous of peace.

At the Indian Council now in progress at Fort Harker there are said to be 5,000 Indians present, representing the Arapahoes, Apaches, Kiowas, Cheyennes and Camanches. These Indians are in consultation with the Peace Commissioners, and most of them are reported to be anxious for peace. The mission of General Sherman and the Commissioners is considered thus far a great success.

A party of thieves, who have depredated for some months on the Pacific railroad, have been arrested at Omaha, Nebraska, and some of the stolen property has been recovered. The thieves were connected with the railroad.

The steamer Only Chance, from Fort Benton, Montana, arrived at Omaha on Friday night, with \$3,000,000 in treasure and 200 passengers.

NEW ORLEANS.—An ordinance passed by the old City Council, over the Mayor's veto, which had not since been heard from, appropriating \$50,000 for the establishment and support of negro schools, has been officially promulgated by the Mayor. Separate schools for the negroes are being established.

The deaths from yellow fever continue to average from 60 to 70 daily.

SHERIDAN.—Gen. Sheridan still continues his tour, being received with great enthusiasm everywhere. At a serenade to him in Boston on Monday night, the crowd in Bowdoin Square was so great that over fifty ladies, who had ventured to the scene, fainted. One had her ribs broken, and others were more or less injured.

At Springfield, Mass., the General, in a little speech, said "he had a lively recollection of the place, as when in service he had so often thought of the Springfield market."

TROUBLE IN VIRGINIA.—Particulars from Norfolk county, show a serious state of affairs among the negro squatters. Besides resisting the United States officers, they have held meetings which they attend armed, and at one of these meetings the chief speaker urged the idea that the negroes were more powerful than the whites in the South, and would hold the lands they were on at all hazards.

Foreign Intelligence.

ITALY.—The news from Italy shows that the revolutionary movements of Garibaldi are causing intense excitement throughout that kingdom. Several engagements are reported to have taken place, the last resulting to the disadvantage of the revolutionists. There is a doubtful report that the following plan has been agreed on: Italy is to take possession of Rome; the Pope is to remain there until his death, when the temporal power of Popes will cease.

The Garibaldian forces are still menacing Rome; where they say an insurrection will soon break out.

It is denied that the American Minister demanded the release of Garibaldi, on the ground that he was an American citizen, but he asked the Government to show clemency.

Garibaldi has issued an address denouncing Ratazzi, the Italian Minister of War.

It is reported that Menotti, the son of General Garibaldi, has been arrested by the Italian Government. When last heard from, Menotti Garibaldi was entirely engaged in carrying out his father's plan for the invasion of the Roman territory.

At the last advice, the insurgents had occupied many places in the Roman territory, and intrenched themselves. The plan of the Garibaldian leaders seems to be to draw the soldiers away from Rome, and then give their friends in that city an opportunity to rise.

The Paris *Presse* says the Pope is wholly confident of the ability of his forces to successfully resist the struggling parties invading the Papal territory, but greatly fears that the Italian Government will order its troops to march upon Rome.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Fenian excitement still continues, and an outbreak is apprehended in the North of England. Extraordinary precautions have been taken by the military and police authorities.

Killy, the Fenian, was buried in Dublin on Monday with a great demonstration.

Cable dates to the 8th from London, say that the Peabody statue in the city is to be executed by Story.

The pioneer vessels for the release of the British captives in Abyssinia have sailed.

The competition between the English and American safe manufacturers has resulted in the success of the latter. The jury declared S. E. Herring, of New York, the winner of the wager with the Chetwoods of England. The money will be given to a charity.

Advices have been received from Falmouth, stating that the steamship Circassian, from Bremen for New York, had put into that port with her machinery disabled, and will go into dock for repairs.

GERMANY.—In the Bavarian Diet, on Tuesday, Prince Hohenlohe delivered a speech, favoring the Union of Bavaria with the North German Confederation, under the Presidency of the King of Prussia.

A despatch from Vienna, dated October 8th, says that the Emperor Francis Joseph refuses to change the Concordat.

FRANCE.—The *cadets* of the French army have been enlarged, but the effective force has not been increased. The Emperor contemplates many liberal reforms.

Achille Fould, the French financier and statesman, died in Paris on Sunday night, aged 67.

The arrangements are completed for a meeting between Napoleon and the King of Prussia at an early day in Baden.

CHINA.—Late advices from China report that a violent and destructive typhoon had visited the harbor of Hong Kong, causing great injury to the shipping. Vessels were

driven ashore and became total wrecks, and others were badly damaged. The destruction of Chinese craft was very great.

A telegram received from Hong Kong, states the export of the new crop of tea, up to the 11th ult., reached 67,000,000 pounds.

PERU.—There has been another attempt in Peru to disturb the peace of the country. On the 11th of September a revolution was attempted in Arequipa, headed by Gutierrez, Luna, Chocoma, Mañas, Iloa, Pacheco, Wilfuerde, and others. After a combat of twenty-two hours it was put down. The rebels burned the new Constitution, as well as the platform from which it had been proclaimed. The number of dead amounted to fifty, with many wounded.

Two boxes filled with needle guns, have been seized in Italy, supposed to be for the use of the rebels.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—By the latest advices from Nicaragua, we learn that the cholera has entirely disappeared from the towns near the Pacific coast, but some cases still existed at different points in the interior.

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

THE KNIGHT.

I was a brawny knight;
I had no fear of men;
I slew once without arms in fight
A lion in his den.
Far off in the bright Holy Land,
Where 'twas a joy to be,
Where dwelt a joy to be,
Where dwelt a joy to be.

Where Christ his holy sermon gave,
I rode in strength and pride,
Near to the Galilean wave,
Upon the mountain-side.
Ah! little of His words we reeked,
When all day by the sea
The battle rolled, and reeled, and shrieked,
And thundered hideously.

I lie now in this vaulted aisle,
My arms across my breast;
I hear the voice of hymns meanwhile,
And take my hard-earned rest,
Till God shall come with trumpet sound
And all His saints to me,
And rocks be rent, and graves unbound—
How long is it to be?

THE LADY.

I was the Lady of the Knight
Ye make your moan about;
Of all his great joy and delight,
I was perforce shut out.
Tears only and terror were my dower,
Upon my lonely bed,
Without him in the midnight hour,
And worse than widowed.

Then, after many weary years
Of waiting in my bower,
I had such lack of comforters,
I took a paramour.
I had been with him, sad and loath,
A few and evil days,
When my lord found and slew us both,
To his great name and praise.

FLIES.

The naturalist recognizes many hundreds of kinds of flies in this country, but in our household economy we reduce them mainly to three sorts: House flies, biting flies and blue-bottle or blow flies. The latter is readily distinguished; the two former are, however, frequently confounded, although easily known apart by an acute observer. They may, however, always be identified at a glance by the position they assume on a wall. A common house fly almost invariably rests with its head downwards, and however it may alight, works its way around until this direction is reached. The biting flies, on the contrary, as universally rest with the head pointing upwards, acting in this respect, precisely like the mosquito, equally blood-thirsty with itself. This observation, which, we believe, has not been in print before, was first made by a Russian serf. The brother of an eminent foreign entomologist, now residing in the United States, observed the man in question killing some of the flies on a wall of his hut, without disturbing others, and, on being questioned, he gave as a reason that those with the heads up were "biters," and the others were not. A careful examination of the facts by the entomologist himself, proved the accuracy of the generalizations made by an ignorant but unobtrusive peasant.

The following is an extract from a highly appreciative notice of the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs, which took the medal at the Paris Exposition, in *La France*, in which it appears over the signature of M. Rattazzi, one of the most eminent musical critics of Paris:

"It would occupy more space than is at our disposal, to detail the numerous merits of the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs. However, to the summary appreciation of the qualities which place them in the first rank, we add in regard to their construction, they are considered by our artists and manufacturers as the perfection of mechanism."

That in the combination of all the parts there is displayed a precision, skill, and comprehension of mechanical art beyond all criticism. It will be acknowledged that we obey the voice of conscience in declaring that the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs have well merited the attention and recompense of the International Jury."

USELESS YOUNG MEN.—A movement has been set on foot to erect an asylum for useless young men. The only trouble which the "committee" fear will be insurmountable is that of getting the building large enough.

A MAN WHO WOULD SUCCEED.—Mortimer said of Reese, the adventurous theatrical director, "If you were to make him the porter of a house he would soon become the proprietor."

Mrs. Lincoln's Means.

A contemporary makes the following statement, we know not how correctly: "Mr. Lincoln's estate was appraised at \$75,000, before the Congressional appropriation of \$5,000 was made, and very few men in this country leave their families so well provided for as that. If not sufficient, according to present notions, \$100,000 at least constitutes a competence."

"It is now represented, however, that \$22,000, the balance of the Congressional appropriation, after discharging certain obligations, was 'all the property that fell to Mrs. Lincoln,' except the house and lot in Springfield where the late President resided before his election. It is difficult to reconcile this statement with facts, when it is known that she purchased a house in Chicago for \$18,000, filled it with costly furniture, including several thousand dollars' worth of pictures, and has since lived there in great state, keeping numerous servants, and sporting handsome carriages with coachmen and footmen in livery. There is either some mistake in the matter, or Mrs. Lincoln has been squandering the property of her children as well as her own in reckless extravagance. At all events, it is apparent that she has lived beyond her means, and if she is now involved in pecuniary embarrassments she has no one to blame but herself."

Doves.

Shakespeare has been often ridiculed for speaking of "dove's milk." But he was right; for there is such a thing. At the time of the young birds, both male and female parents fill their crops with corn, and holding it there a long time, it changes into a creamy fluid; when coming to their nests, they open their mouths, and the young are able to drink this "dove's milk" so provided; and this they are able to do because the orifice is shorter at this time than at others. Hence they become very fat, and are known as squabs. When it is time for them to be weaned, they are reluctant to leave and provide for themselves, and the parents are obliged repeatedly to push them from their nest. Then being obliged to live on other food, they quickly fall away; they get very poor, and are unfit for eating.

From the American Agriculturist, N. Y. City.
"The Great American Tea Company," 51 and 53 Vesey Street, advertised in our columns, though doing an immense business all over the country, has not even been complained of to us more than two or three times in as many years. On this account, as well as for other reasons we have previously stated, we believe general satisfaction is given to their customers. But stimulated by their success, several of the swindling fraternity have started or pretend to have started other "Tea Companies,"—some copying very nearly the advertisements, etc., of the old company. Some of these we know to be humbugs, (one was noted last month,) and as to others we have not evidence sufficient to warrant us in admitting their advertisements.

Squire Cliff, of Vermont, lives up on the picturesque Onion river, (sometimes called the Winoski,) of whose scenery he is very proud. He is an entertaining companion, and what they call, in the Western Reserve, "considerable of a man any way."

The great defect about him is his breath, which is a little the worst a man ever drew. It is good not only to perfume a room, but a whole neighborhood. M. Monster, the politico French minister, was travelling this summer on Lake Champlain, and Squire Cliff was introduced to him at Burlington as a gentleman well informed upon Vermont records and scenery. "Marquis," said the Squire, drawing close, "for two and fifty years I have lived upon the Onion!" "Sare," replied the Frenchman, "I should think you lived on him one hundred!"

The cashier of a Mobile bank informed the directors that he wished to resign. He was supposed to be a poor man in the comparative sense—and they asked him if he could afford to resign. "Yes," said the cashier, "if I could not I would not."

"How is that?" "We thought you had nothing but your salary." "Gentlemen," said he, perfectly cool and frank, "I have used the money of the bank—used it liberally. I saw chances, made the best of them, and returned every dollar I took. I have enough now, and want to resign. Have the books examined; you will find everything straight. It may have been wrong to use your money; but there's nothing lost, and it's not worth your while to make any trouble." They did not make any trouble, and the lucky cashier is now a member of the best society—but he is a rascal nevertheless.

THE BEST METHOD.—When, from sedentary habits, the muscles become emaciated and the digestive system disordered, the best method for restoring the patient to health and full weight, is for him to be charged with electricity, applied through the handle of a spade, a hoe, an axe, or some similar instrument. Apply it daily, and for some hours at a time. Try it.

TO DRIVE OFF RATS.—We find the following among the rounds of our exchanges: "Take a bunch of matches and soak them over night in a teacupful of water; then take out the matches, and thicken the water with Indian meal to a thick dough, adding a spoonful of sugar and a little lard. Lay nothing else will get it. It is decidedly the best exterminator extant. Give it a trial."

Wendell Phillips is out in an article upholding the Republicans for not taking stronger ground for negro suffrage, and saying this is the cause of their decreased majorities!

A novel railway invention has been made by a Russian engineer. The object is to save the power gained in a descent now lost in the friction of the brakes, and use it in an ascent. To do this the engineer has attached to the locomotive two very heavy fly wheels, and the force they gather will carry the train up an equal rise, less the friction.

In an old Southern Patriot and Commercial Advertiser, published in Charleston in 1815, is a letter from General Andrew Jackson to Governor David R. Williams, in which he acknowledges that South Carolina is the State gave him birth. This sets at rest a question which has been disputed heretofore.

The importance of the egg trade may be seen by the fact, that a dealer in it has sent to New York, in two successive weeks, five hundred and forty barrels, containing eighty dozen each, and his shipments for the month exceed half a million of eggs to New York alone.

An Eastern paper gets off the following: "An editor never leaves any money at home for fear of fire, and never carries any with him for fear of robbers, nor deposits it in any bank for fear of speculating officials. His money generally is in the hands of his subscribers."

H. H. HADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the Italian guarantees to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as HADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "The moment Hadway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CHAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN-STROKES, APPOXLEY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, THE COLIC, NEURALGIA, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, KIDNEY, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. *mark-cott*

DRAPEPERS CURED.—DR. STEWELL'S OMBANE VIBRATOR. It fits into the ear and is not perceptible, removes ringing in the head, and enables deaf persons to hear distinctly at church and public assemblies.

A Treatise on Deafness, Catarrh, Consumption and Cancer; their causes, means of speedy relief and ultimate cure, by a pupil of the Academy of Medicine, Paris. Sent free for 10 cents. Scrupulous diseases successfully treated. Dr. T. H. STEWELL, 21 East Washington Place, New York City, where all letters, to receive attention, must be addressed.

Dr. Steiwell, of New York, assisted by Dr. Pershan, of the University of Vienna, will be professionally at 1029 Pine St., Philadelphia, Tuesday next 10 to 4. *oct13-67*

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT relieves and soothes the severest pain of Gout and Rheumatism; every vestige of inflammation is removed within a few hours of the first application. Sold at the Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARTIN LUTHER once thought he saw the devil in his chamber, and threw an inkstand at his head. Had they had in those days AYER'S PILLS to exorcise all the devils that come from a disordered stomach, his laughable fright would not have become a matter of history. *oct13-67*

MARRIAGES.

On the 20th of Sept., by the Rev. Andw. Mansfield, Mr. WILLIAM J. CANNING to Miss LUCRETIA J. JONES, both of this city.

On the 22d of Sept., by the Rev. Wm. Catehart, Mr. EDWARD CAREY to Miss JENNIE BARNES, both of this city.

On the 24th instant, by the Rev. T. A. FERRY, Mr. WILLIAM HANCOCK to Miss ELIZABETH BECKLEY, both of this city.

On the 26th of Sept., by the Rev. J. S. F. KENNEDY, Mr. JOHN F. WARNER to Miss CAROLINE HERR, both of this city.

On the 28th instant, by the Rev. Geo. D. Boardman, Mr. MARCEL BENTON to Miss HARRIET L. HAAR, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. R. E. Eddy, Mr. GEORGE SINGLEY to Miss ELIZA SPOON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

On the 28th instant, MARIA L. TARKER, in her 90th year.

On the 28th instant, SARAH BOWEN, in her 27th year.

On the 7th instant, SAMUEL HOOD, in his 71st year.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. MARTHA GREEN, in her 77th year.

On the 7th instant, Capt. WILLIAM J. ASKE, aged 45 years.

On the 6th instant, CHARLES LUTES, in his 38th year.

On the 6th instant, Henry L. BOOS, in his 21st year.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. MARY HATTOS, in her 71st year.

On the 5th instant, Mr. CHARLES S. PORTER, aged 70 years.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR.—The market has been rather dull; 9000 bbls of extra sold at from \$5.50 to \$5.75; 10000 bbls of northwest family at \$10.00 to \$11.50, and 6000 bbls of extra at \$10.00 to \$11.50. Sales of old stock and fresh ground extra \$10.00 to \$11.50 for common and fancy northwest family \$11.00 to \$12.00 for extra and \$12.00 to \$13.00 for extra. Flour—300 bbls sold at from \$5.50 to \$5.75.

GRAIN.—Prime Wheat is scarce, 15,000 bbls of fair to prime sold at \$2.00 to \$2.25; small lots of choice do at \$2.25 to \$2.50; 1200 bbls of southern white at \$2.00 to \$2.25, and 1000 bbls of California at \$2.25 to \$2.50. Rye—2000 bbls sold at \$1.50 to \$1.75; 1000 bbls of western and Penna. Corn—Sales of 3,000 bbls of western mixed at \$1.25 to \$1.50, and 20,000 bbls of prime yellow at \$1.00 to \$1.25. Oats—40,000 bbls sold at from \$1.00 to \$1.25; the latter rate for choice bright.

PROVISIONS.—The market has been very quiet. Pork—commodities \$2.25 to \$2.50 for Mues; \$2.25 for prime do; and \$2.00 for extra. Bacon—Sales of Hams at 20¢ to 22¢; Sides are taken in lots at 17¢ to 18¢, and Shoulders at 15¢ to 16¢. Lard—Sales of 500 lbs and 100 lbs at 14¢ to 15¢, and 250 lbs at 15¢ to 16¢. Butter—Sales of old at 12¢ to 13¢; new at 15¢ to 16¢, and roll at 15¢ to 16¢. Cheese—Sales at 15¢ to 16¢. Eggs—sell at 25¢ to 30¢ per doz.

COFFEE.—The market has been very dull, 5000 lbs of Mouldings sold at 20¢ to 22¢; 1000 lbs of 100 lbs and New Orleans.

FRUIT.—6000 lbs of Dried Apples sold at 12¢ to 14¢; Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 12¢ to 14¢; halves at 10¢ to 12¢; Dried Blackberries sell at 11¢ to 12¢; Far-d Peaches range from 14¢ to 16¢; 1000 Green Apples sell at from \$4 to \$7 per bbl.

IRON.—Foundry Iron is in fair demand; sales of 400 tons of No 1 at \$44, and sales of No 2 at \$40; and \$34.50 for forge. Scotch Pig is quoted at \$34.50 to \$35.00. Blooms continue in fair demand, we quote at \$100 to \$105 per ton. Manufactured Iron is firm.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2500 head. The prices realized from 14¢ to 15¢ per lb. 300 Cows brought from \$50 to \$75 per head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from \$1.50 to \$2.00. Hogs sold at from \$8.50 to \$10.00 per 100 lbs.

The Home of the Gorilla.

Mr. Buckland's papers, entitled "Gorilla Stories," and "The Gorilla Hunter" gave ample details of the extraordinary adventures of Mr. du Chailu, the explorer of the forests of Western Africa. It will be remembered that skepticism was expressed by some of the naturalists as to the accuracy of some of Mr. du Chailu's statements. This "traveler's stories" are now known to be substantially correct, though in some details he may have been misled by native reports. His recent book of travels in "Ashango Land" amply confirms Mr. du Chailu's reputation as a daring explorer and accurate observer. His final remarks about the gorilla will be read with interest.

"The natives of all the neighboring country were now so well aware that I wanted live gorillas, and was willing to give a high price for them, that many were stimulated to search with great perseverance; the good effects of this were soon made evident."

"One day as I was quietly dining with Captain Holder, of the 'Cambria' (a vessel just arrived from England), one of my men came in with the startling news that three live gorillas had been brought, one of them full grown. I had not long to wait, in they came. First, a very large adult female, bound hand and foot; then her female child, screaming terribly; and lastly, a vigorous young male, also tightly bound. The female had been ingeniously secured by the negroes to a strong stick, the wife of the lower, so upper part and the ankles to the cords which she could not reach to tear the cords with her teeth. It was dark, and the scene was one so wild and strange that I shall never forget it. The fendish countenances of the Calibanish trio, one of them distorted by pain for the mother gorilla was severely wounded—were lit up by the ruddy glare of native torches. The thought struck me, what would I not give to have the group in London for a few days!

"The young male I secured by a chain which I had in readiness, and gave him henceforth the name of Tom. We untied his hands and feet; to show his gratitude for this act of kindness, he immediately made a rush at me, screaming with all his might, happily the chain was made fast, and I took care afterwards to keep out of his way. The old mother gorilla was in an unfortunate plight. She had an arm broken and a wound in the chest, besides being dreadfully beaten on the head. She groaned and roared many times during the night, probably from pain."

"I noticed next day, and on many occasions, that the vigorous young male, whenever he made a rush at any one and missed his aim, immediately ran back. This corresponds with what is known of the habits of the large males in their native woods; when attacked they make a furious rush at their enemy, break an arm or tear his bowels open, and then beat a retreat, leaving the victim to shift for himself."

"The wounded female died in the course of the next day; her moanings were more frequent in the morning, and they gradually became weaker as her life ebbed out. Her death was like that of a human being, and afflicted me more than I could have thought possible. Her child clung to her to the last, and tried to obtain milk from her breast after she was dead. I photographed them both when the young one was resting in its dead mother's lap. I kept the young one alive for three days after its mother's death. It groaned at night most piteously. I fed it on goat's milk, for it was too young to eat berries. It died the fourth day, having taken an unquenchable dislike to the milk. It had, I think, begun to know me a little. As to the male, I made at least a dozen attempts to photograph the terrible little demon, but all in vain. The pointing of the camera to throw him into a perfect rage, and I was almost provoked to give him a sound thrashing. The day after, however, I succeeded with him, taking two views, not very perfect, but sufficient for my object."

"I must now relate how these three animals were caught, premising that the capture of the female was the first instance that had come to my knowledge of an adult gorilla being taken alive. The place where they were found was on the left bank of the Fernando Vaz, about thirty miles above my village. At this part a narrow promontory projects into the river. It was the place where I had intended to take the distinguished traveler Captain Burton, to show him a live gorilla, if he had paid me a visit, as I had expected; for I had written to invite him whilst he was on a tour from his consulate at Fernando Po to several points on the West African coast. A woman, belonging to a neighboring village, had told her people that she had seen two bands of female gorillas, some of them accompanied by their young ones, in her plantation fields. The men resolved to go in chase of them, so they armed themselves with guns, axes, and spears, and sallied forth. The situation was very favorable for the hunters; they formed a line across the narrow strip of land and pressed forward, driving the animals to the edge of the water. When they came in sight of them, they made all the noise in their power, and thus bewildered the gorillas, who were shot or beaten down in their endeavors to escape. There were eight adult females altogether, but not a single male. The negroes thought the males were in concealment in the adjoining woods, having probably been frightened away by the noise."

"This incident led me to modify somewhat the opinions I had expressed in 'Adventures in Equatorial Africa,' regarding some of the habits of the gorilla. I there said that I believed it impossible to capture an adult female alive, but I ought to have added, unless wounded. I have also satisfied myself that the gorilla is more gregarious than I formerly considered it to be; at least it is now clear that, at certain times of the year, it goes in bands more numerous than those I saw in my former journey. Then I never saw more than five together. I have myself seen, on my present expedition, two of these bands of gorillas, numbering eight or ten, and have had authentic accounts from the natives of other similar bands. It is true that, when gorillas become aged, they seem to be more solitary, and to live in pairs, or, as in the case of old males, quite alone. I have been assured by the negroes that solitary and aged gorillas are sometimes seen

almost white; the hair becomes grizzled with age, and I have no doubt that the statement of their becoming occasionally white with extreme old age is quite correct."

Strauss, the Violinist.

FROM A LATE PARIS LETTER.

To-night we bid adieu to Johann Strauss, who will lead his marvellous cortege of waltzes to London. What an impression of joy and sympathy he has left among us! It is with great interest we read of his life and of his struggle for the art he loved so well. His father, the founder of this dynasty of musicians, desired that none of his children should follow the career that had led him to celebrity; for some reason or other, he wished to carry to the tomb the secret of the adorable waltzes which he shook from the end of his enchanted *baton*. But the talent was hereditary; and secretly, in spite of his father's opposition, young Strauss played and wrote, and conjured up a world of fairy dances. One day—it was the birthday of the elder Strauss—the poor little musician summoned up all his courage, and determined to tell his father the whole terrible truth.

"Father," said he, timidly, "I have imagined a surprise for your birthday." Thereupon he seated himself at the piano and played a waltz of his own composition. A vigorous box on the ears was the reward of this filial attention, and young Strauss was turned out of doors, with the injunction not to reappear under the paternal roof until he had recovered from his madness. This was the signal of the violent and painful struggle between the two musicians. At eighteen young Strauss had formed a tolerably good orchestra, and became the darling rival of his father. His first waltzes had a wild success; the Viennese joyfully saluted the advent of this new Strauss, who promised to make their children dance as their fathers had danced to Strauss the elder. The rivalry became so hot through the wounded pride of the father that Johann exiled himself, and played through Hungary and Moldavia, where he met with unlimited success. He sometimes gained in one evening as much as two and three hundred ducats, which he would gladly spend during the night, and be as good humored as ever the next morning.

When Johann's triumphs had lasted two years, Strauss died. I look longingly and in vain for an account of a reconciliation between the father and son, and of old Strauss relenting at his last moment, and giving into his successor's hands the *baton* he had so zealously guarded. But it was not to be so. The death of the petted musician was almost a national grief for the Viennese. But his own orchestra had already silently recognized the heir to his waltzes, and musicians went themselves to beg Johann to lead them henceforth to victory. With unanimous acclamations Strauss II. ascended the throne. At the opening of his first concert the eldest musician in the leaderless orchestra publicly presented to the young conductor his father's *baton*, and, with one voice, the three thousand Viennese who crowded the hall, cried: "Strauss is dead! Long live Strauss!" Since then all Young Europe has danced to King Strauss's music. But, in spite of his continual success, he hesitated long about coming to Paris, and when he at last ended to the desire of his wife and friends, his first appearance at the Champ de Mars made him suffer terribly. His modesty is excessive, and he trembles like a schoolboy each time a new composition makes its debut; but when the excitement of the moment mounts to his brain, when he rushes on at the head of his battalion, he becomes transformed. With sparkling eyes and energetic gestures he seizes his violin, directs his musicians with a glance, and, borne on by his own melodies, carries his orchestra with him with incredible *entrain*. The musicians themselves catch his impetuosity, and away to the undulations of the dance, and from one end to the other of the room, the spectators jump on their chairs, and are tempted to say to their neighbors, "Will Madame do me the honor of dancing this polka with me?"

Singing.

It is related that a singing-master once asked Brahms, the great English vocalist, to do him the kindness to hear a pupil of his, to whom he had given great attention, singing, at the same time, that she had a wonderful voice, and had made extraordinary progress—could sing the most difficult music at sight, and was altogether a prodigy. The British Apollo appointed a time, and the master and pupil were punctual. "Now," said the former, "be so good, Mr. Brahms, as to place what you may consider the most difficult thing to sing before this young lady; and you will find how she will conquer it." Brahms walked to the piano-forte, and laid a book before her opened to *Luther's Hymn*. "There," said he, "let me hear you sing that." The young lady blushed; her music-master seemed almost affronted at what he considered an insult; however, he laid his pupil sing it, which she did, most miserably out of time and tune. The girl's voice had been spoiled, for the sake of enabling her to grunt double F below, or equal C in G, and her time had been mispent in attempting to acquire that which could never be of any use except to astonish, and be talked of as something wonderful. It is a common mistake to attempt to make pupils do much, rather than *well*. Young ladies are made to attempt songs which are only fit for finished artists. It is a greater and better thing to sing a simple song *well* than a difficult one *ill*.

The secret of Dante's struggle through life was in the reckless sarcasm of his answer to the prince of Verona, who asked him how he could account for the fact, that in the household of princes, the court fool was in greater favor than the philosopher. "Similarity of minds," said the fierce genius, "is over all the world a test of friendship."

Autumn.

It is a fair autumnal day.
The ground is strewn with yellow leaves;
The maple stems gleam bare and gray.
The grain is bound in golden sheaves;
Afar I hear the speckled quails
Pipe shrilly 'mid the stubble dry.
And muffled beats from busy flails
Within the barn near by.

The latest roses now are dead,
Their petals scattered far and wide,
The sunshades berries, richly red,
Bedeck the lane on either side;
A dreamy calm is in the air—
A dreamy echo on the sea;
Ah, never was a day more fair
Than this, which blesses me!

I see the shocks of ripened corn—
The yellowed mosses on the roof,
The diamond dew-drops of the morn,
That string with gems the spider's web;
An azure haze is hanging low,
About the outline of the hills,
And chanting sea-fowl southward go
From marshes, flats and kills.

For many years, the autumn brought
A solemn sadness to my soul—
It sordred even my lightest thought,
And on my gayest moments stole;
'Twas sad, yet sweet—a strange alloy
Of hope and sorrow intertwined—
This autumn brings me only joy,
No shadow haunts my mind.

And why is this? The dead leaves fall—
The blossoms wither as of old;
And winter comes, with snowy pall,
To wrap the earth so chill and cold;
The sea-fowl, strung athwart the sky,
Still chant their plaintive monotone—
And why, when leaves and blossoms die,
Should I feel joy alone?

Oh, ask me not—I must not tell;
I dare not all my heart disclose—
A fairy wave a magic spell
Around me, when decayed the rose;
Two gifts did fading summer bring—
Two symbols of unfading bliss—
Upon my finger glows a ring,
Upon my lips—a kiss!

Under the Lamps at Scarborough.

I hardly know how I came to be at Scarborough at all, but there I was. I am an easy sort of man. I am afraid, indeed, that I have been easy, and so to speak, the sport of circumstances all my life, and it has not been a very long one yet. At any rate, I found myself there, on a sweet September night, leaning over the wall of the Spa Promenade, and staring out seaward. Behind me, the lamps were only just lighted, but I had seen that the amphi-theatre seats were occupied, and by the increase of rustling, and footsteps behind, I knew that the promenade was filling.

Still I stared out seaward, listened to the dash of the waves in the bay, and thought how much rougher and grander they would be on the other side of the Castle Cliff.

"I wonder what I came for?" I said to myself. "I don't know a soul here except the Nugents, and they will think I followed them, and then—"

"So you did follow us, after all, Robert?" I confessed that my start was more violent than the calm, ladylike tones seemed to warrant; the fulfillment of my prognostication came upon me so suddenly. It was my aunt, Lady Nugent, who spoke, and with her there was her daughter, my cousin Cecile, commonly called *Cis*, whom I had an uneasy presentiment that I was one day destined to marry.

"How are you, aunt? Good evening, *Cis*," I stammered, facing round. "No, I don't know that I followed you exactly; but—I am here, you see. How do you like it?"

"We have been here so often, *Cis* and I," said Lady Nugent, with a little shrug, "but 'tis a charming place. And then the flowers are so beautiful, and the music—I always think there is something in the music, and the lights, and the dim sound of the waves, that touches one's tenderest feelings."

I believe I muttered internally, "Clap-trap!" but visibly I assented, with a sickly smile, for you see I was a little afraid of Lady Nugent, afraid of her at all times, but especially so when she did the sentimental. She seemed, in a metaphorical sort of way, to have her paw upon me.

There was not, and never had been, anything approaching to an engagement between Cecile and myself. In the days gone by we had flirted a little, and been a little silly, perhaps very silly, but that was over. At least, I thought so. Six months ago, however, when I came into my property, and became Nugent of Nugent, my natural feelings of satisfaction were damped in a very sudden and unlooked-for manner by my aunt's proceedings.

It is rather a pleasant thing to find yourself a man of property, independent, unfettered; the world all before you, and the future, with its nameless hopes and possibilities, a book just opened, with its brightest pages unread. Under such circumstances a young man will dream, and his dreams will be sweet to him. He will not relish, any more than I did, the sudden waking up to find, as it were, a lassie thrown about him, and his fate settled. Not that my aunt had any hold upon me at all in reality, but then she behaved as if she had. Cecile and I were treated with a sort of mysterious petting.

It was inferred that there was a secret understanding between us, which must be respected; we were not subject to ordinary laws at all. Little *l'es-tel* were planned for us, and taken for granted that it was a "case," as people say, between us. For myself, no poor doomed creature before a rash usake could have been more helpless. It may seem weak, but I call any young fellow of my age and temperament to testify to the power of a clever woman when she wills a thing. As for Cecile, she used to laugh and say, "Poor mamma cannot realize that we have done with our toys, Robert. You don't mind it, do you?"

"Mind what?" I would ask.

"Mamma forgets," Cecile would say, looking hard at me, "that while I am a woman,

you, being the same age in years, are yet a boy."

And then I would be piqued, and—well, say silly things to prove that I was a man indeed, and manly.

The worst of all was, that I believe Cecile really cared for me. I could have been very fond of her as a brother, but nothing more. My hand was passive, if hers touched it; her voice, even when it uttered my own name, sent no thrill through my heart; her presence was comparatively indifferent to me; and yet here I was, drifting away along the path to which Lady Nugent pointed, making, at times, feeble efforts to break away, but feeling that, eventually, I was doomed.

When the Nugents left London for Scarborough, and my aunt said to me, with unpleasant playfulness, "Well, if you don't follow us, I shall come back and fetch you," I felt helplessly that she would do as she said, and so I followed. I would rather have gone down to Nugent, quiet as it was, or even have stayed in town to be worried by the lawyers about leases, back rents, conveyances, and all the rest of it; but I could not, and there I was.

"Don't you think so?" said my aunt. "Don't I think—I beg your pardon," I said. "Don't I think what?"

Lady Nugent tapped me on the shoulder good-humoredly, with a significant half-glance at Cecile.

"Moonstruck, Robert?" said she. "Well, come and see us to-morrow. We are at Lonsborough Terrace, Providence Villa. Hideous name, isn't it? and not quite the most fashionable part, either. But economy must be considered, you know." Cecile gave me an absent little nod, and two pale lip fingers, and they passed on. I did not offer to join them.

Oddly enough, that last phrase of my aunt's lingered with me, and kept repeating itself with a certain pathos, "Economy must be considered, you know." Yes, I did know it. They had very little to live upon. The wonder was how they contrived to live at all, and keep up the appearance they did. After all, was she very much to blame for wishing to secure a comfortable establishment for her daughter? And then I wondered whether it might be possible that, for a certain sum per annum, Lady Nugent would let me off. And here—the little rows of twinkling gas jets in the bands' pavilion having sprung up long ago, and the chandelier glittering inside—there came a crash of brass instruments, followed by the softest and sweetest of Gounod's "Aria."

Ah, well, did it matter much, after all, how my life was settled? Was it worth while struggling about it? All those dreams of mine were myths—something that comes in the springtime of youth when the imagination overflows; something dreamed of in all men's lives, but never realized.

Cecile was fond of me; I had no dislike to her. I would be good to her of course; we might get on as well as other couples did. Down at Nugent there would be for me the estate to see after, to say nothing of hunting, shooting, and fishing. O, no doubt we might do very well without the enchanted light that came only in visions. If I could have had the light, so much the better; but perhaps no one ever did have it in reality.

As I thought thus, something—a little faint cry I thought it was—made me turn sharply to my right. I saw at first only a perambulator, with a pale, childish face looking anxiously over the side, and then I was aware of a dog, a little bigger than a respectable rat, limping about amongst the legs that thronged the promenade.

"The wheel has gone over it," said the voice belonging to the childish face. "O, please, Robert!"

I don't know whether I was idiot enough to take this plaintive "Robert" to myself, instead of applying it to the lad who propelled the perambulator; anyhow, I dived at once after the little animal, picked it up and restored it. I was thanked; not by the childish face, but by one bending down over it; a face older, with more color in the cheeks, with blue-gray eyes, and masses of sunny hair drawn away from it,—not into the padded abortion which is so general, but into a coil of shining plaits, beautiful to look upon.

I was thanked, I say, by a face and voice such as I thought I had never looked upon or heard before; and as I raised my hat and drew back, my eyes met Lady Nugent's in her downward walk, and my heart sank.

"Tis jolly up here, isn't it? Enough to make a man wish life was all sea-side and sunshine."

I lay on top of the Castle Cliff with a cigar in my mouth, and my friend Charlie Ferrars was perched on the turf beside me, holding his chin in his hands, and looking to say the truth, rather disappointed than otherwise. Why he did so, I didn't know. Below us there was the sea, sleeping in a golden haze, out of which the sails shone like little immovable white dots in the distance. There was not a cloud in the sky; and the sound of the waves, if indeed it reached us at all, reached us, as Lady Nugent said, "dimly."

O, those waves!—the delight of the sun glancing gold upon them; the pleasure of the walk to the North Cliff, down the wooden steps and among the sand to the machines;—the forlorn grandeur of being, as it were, part of sea, and left there; the white rolls of foam dashing themselves against the wheels of your machine till it trembles again, and only the great waste of waters glittering before your open door;—then the plunge that puts life into you, and makes you feel as if you had no body, to speak of,—that is, until breakfast time!

But I couldn't be poetical about all this to Charlie Ferrars up on the Castle Cliff, where we had met by the merest chance, and where he appeared to me to be doing anything but enjoying himself; I couldn't, for the life of me, tell why.

"They say a man pitched himself over here the other day," said Charlie, suddenly. "Did he?" said I. "Poor beggar!"

Charlie took his chin out of his hands, and replied, gloomily, "There are other things that may make a man desperate. But what do you know about debt,—a lucky chap like you?"

Something in his tone made me raise myself on one elbow to look at him, but he had turned his face away. If I had known then what was the matter with him, I think I

should have put my arms round his neck and hugged him; but I didn't know, and so I blundered.

"Charlie, old boy, there's something wrong," said I. "I've more money than I know what to do with; it would be a charity—"

He broke into a constrained sort of laugh. "Thanks, Bob," said he (I grieve to say that my old school-chums will call me Bob); "but it isn't that. Sometimes I wish it was. However, never mind. It's odd we didn't meet before, isn't it?"

"Well, yes," said I. "But, you see, the Nugents are here, and my aunt likes attention, and I've been with them a good deal. We steamed over to Fife the other day. By-the-by, you know them, don't you?"

"A little," he replied.

"A good thought, by Jove," said I. "I'll take you to call to-day."

"My train starts at 1.30," was the grim response. "Thanks, all the same. I came down for a few days on business; can't spare any more time; and I mustn't stay dawdling here any longer, either; so good by, old fellow. Meet you in town some time."

I shook hands indifferently enough, and after he was gone, I reproached myself for it. But then I was preoccupied, and impatient of anything that disturbed me. The world had changed with me since the evening I leaned over the sea-wall and wondered what I had come to Scarborough for. The train of thought that had been disturbed then by a stupid little toy terrier seemed very far back in the past now, very absurd and impossible, altogether not worth remembering.

I don't think my aunt and Cecile knew why I was so punctual at the evening promenade, nor why, at a certain moment, my attention would wander, in spite of myself, and my steps involuntarily turn in one direction. It was no harm; I only wanted to see her; so I said to myself. There can be nothing wrong in looking at a beautiful picture; and she could never be anything more to me, since was I not already appropriated? The sentence was very bitter to me now; I had lost all my passive submission to my fate. At times, indeed, the elements of strong rebellion rose up within me, and I said to myself that I would be free; but the next moment there would come the consciousness of Lady Nugent's voice in my ear and a paw figuratively upon my shoulder. Meantime, I only wanted to see her, to be from time to time a little nearer to this beautiful, unpainted picture, which there was no harm in looking at, which I saw in my dreams and when I awoke from them, which I never utterly lost, even when Lady Nugent and my cousin were with me. Who was she? Where did she come from? Were her friends rich? I hardly know why, but I thought not; I rather preferred that they should not be. And yet, after all, what could it matter to me?

This was how I came back with a sigh to the actual position of affairs—to find myself turning unwillingly from the open promenade into the Spa Concert Room, with my cousin Cecile and Lady Nugent. I dare say the concert was very fine that night; Cecile said it was. I only knew that I had not the least idea what it was all about, and that when everybody was waiting in intense expectation for the appearance of the great star of the evening, it suddenly struck me, with a sharp pang, "Suppose they are gone away altogether!"

I looked at Lady Nugent; she was calm and pale, waiting; so was Cecile, so was everybody—waiting as though life depended upon a few shakes and trills, and runs half a note higher than any reasonable voice could go. How hot I was!—how suddenly impressed with the nothingness and inconsequence of the whole affair! My picture! my precious, unpainted portrait! if that slipped away from me, I saw, as I had never seen before, how terrible a blank it would leave behind.

"Tis close here," I said to Cecile, "awfully close. I wonder how you bear it." "Is it?" she said. "Perhaps so; but hush, Robert, she is coming on."

"Excuse me for five minutes," I whispered; "my head aches."

Cecile just looked at me, raised her eyebrows in wonder at my want of taste, but did not speak, and the next moment I was out on the almost deserted promenade, with the cool salt breeze on my forehead, the stars beginning to come out overhead, and the moon struggling from behind a cloud to throw down a long silver line across the water to its edge; and there, near the little pavilion, which had no basin in it to-night, I saw the perambulator, the same lad propping it, my picture, and close beside her, tall, black-coated, spectacled—I drew a long breath.

The stars seemed to have come down, and got into my eyes; the lamps danced into each other, like will-o'-the-wisps gone mad; and the few occupiers of the seat under the colonnade became a confused mass of dingy colors. In another moment I was shaking hands vigorously with the Rev. Richard Penryn, Vicar of Nugent, blessing my memory, which never lost a face once seen, and explaining to the perplexed clergyman my claims upon his recollection.

"To be sure," he said at last; "our new squire. I'm stupid and near-sighted, and I didn't remember you at all. And when are we to have the pleasure,—but I forgot. Mr. Nugent, this is my daughter, Constance, and this poor little weakling—"

"You are very rude, papa," broke in the childish voice I remembered so well. "I am not a weakling. I'm strong enough now, if Constance would let me walk, but she won't. And I know Mr. Nugent quite well; he picked up Topsy for me. My name is Letty. Mr. Nugent, and papa has no right to call me Gypsy, as I dare say you'll hear him do."

There was a laugh at this long speech. I don't very well know whether I joined or not. I don't know indeed exactly what I did, or said, or thought, or how the time went. I know that once Mr. Penryn said something about the bay, that we turned to look at it; and that far away, a black spot in the ripple of moonlight, there was a fisherman's boat with a single light in it, which gleamed red against the silver. We could even see the fisherman in his boat, motionless; and it seemed to me as if in some way this also had got into my picture, and I could never forget it.

"It is so quiet here," said the vicar's daughter, in answer to my stupid remark

that I had hardly expected to see them out.

"Then you don't care for a gay promenade?" said I.

"Indeed but I do," she replied. "I like the music and the lights, and to look at all the people."

"And the gossamer dresses," put in the vicar. "Tis a fine place for that sort of thing, which we don't get much of down at Nugent. We are a little out of the world down there, eh, Constance?"

Out of the world! Somehow there came upon me a rustling of soft wind amongst the Nugent beeches; the sun shining over a green lawn; lights and shadows over distant woods; a river, and blue hills beyond. Here was a setting for my picture.

"I think I should like to be out of the world," I said. "At least I mean to go down to Nugent as soon as—that is, you are not going home yet, Mr. Penryn?"

"Not to Nugent," said the vicar, "but to the North Cliff. Terribly unfashionable, I suppose, but it is better for the gypsy here; and besides 'tis less expensive. There is a concert in there, I believe," he added, stopping suddenly.

"Some one told us so." The words roused me into a guilty consciousness that my five minutes had grown into half an hour, if not more.

"I am obliged to go," I said, hurriedly. "But I know no one in Scarborough; that is, scarcely any one. It would be a charity if—May I call upon you to-morrow?"

"And welcome," replied the vicar, calmly. "If you will take the trouble. Here is the address. Good night."

"What have you been doing?" asked Lady Nugent, as I took my place. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

They were both looking at me curiously—Lady Nugent slightly uneasy and searching; and a spirit of malice came upon me.

"I have just met with the Vicar of Nugent and his daughters," I retorted, bravely. "We walked about under the lamps, and I suppose I'm dazzled a bit; that's all."

III.

I was holding silk for Constance Penryn to wind; Gypsy was dressing up Topsy in a red shawl, much to his discomfort, and Mr. Penryn wrote or tried to write at a side-table.

"I don't believe it, sir," said Letty. "I don't believe (be quiet, Top!) that you ever would sit before in your life; and I dare say it won't be fit to use. But you are so conceited. You know you thought I meant you when I called Robert to pick up Topsy. You think everybody must be thinking of you."

I laughed, and the vicar just murmured a word or two of remonstrance; but he was busy.

You see it had come to this with me. Lady Nugent never knew where my mornings were spent. She was suspicious, I knew. She would have watched me if she could, but that was not possible; and in this case I was a match for her cross-questioning.

"Wait till we get to Nugent," I said to the small owner of the red shawl. "We shall see if you dare to call me names there, where I am monarch of all I survey."

"Of course I shall," she replied. And you won't be monarch of all you survey, either. But, Mr. Nugent,—by the way, I have a great mind to call you Robert."

"Do," said I.

"It would be fun," said she. "What would they think at Nugent? You really mean to come there?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"For good?" she asked.

"Well," said I, "I hope not for very bad."

"You know what I mean, sir," said Letty—"to settle down."

"Yes, to settle down," said I.

"We want a resident squire dreadfully," said the young lady, with great gravity; "papa says so; but then papa has an eye to subscriptions, and flannel, and good stuff of all sorts for the poor people. Now I (observe the difference!) simply think that perhaps you will let me go into the park whenever I like, just as if it were my own."

"Exactly," said I.

"And all over the picture-gallery," she continued, "and the drawing-rooms, and—"

"To the very store-rooms, if you like, in spite of cross old housekeepers," I exclaimed.

"Mrs. Crane is not a cross old housekeeper," said Letty, indignantly. "She's a beautiful old lady, in black silk. Isn't it nice always to wear black silk?—and a white lace cap? She's a great deal more dignified than you are."

"Very likely," said I. "I'll tell you what more you shall do at Nugent. Should you like to go on the river in a boat?"

"I should think so,—rather," said Letty.

"Very well," said I. "I'll have one built—a real clipper; and there shall be crimson cushions for it; and we'll call it the Gypsy, in honor of you. What do you say?"

very fond of Miss Nugent. I know papa thinks—"

"Letty," called out the vicar, rather sharply, "you are an incorrigible chatter-box; I shall have to shut you up. Going, Mr. Nugent? Good-by. We shall see you soon, perhaps, down at the Hall."

"The Hall?" said I. "You are not going home?"

"Yes, to-morrow," he replied. "I have been three Sundays away already; and this gypsy of mine is getting all right now; so there's no excuse for staying. Good-by."

I went away with a strange sort of sensation of having the ground cut from under my feet, thoroughly bewildered and miserable. Hitherto I had been in a dream, cheating myself from time to time into a belief that it was real; now I had got to wake up.

I knew that I was going to Providence Villa, and should need all my self-possession. And yet behind me lay the romance, the very existence of which I had persuaded myself only a month ago was a myth; before me—

I tried to think it out. I could see again the eager little face,—not so pinched now as it was when I saw it first,—and hear the childish voice say, "I wonder if you are very fond of her. I know papa thinks—"

What was it that the vicar thought? Did Constance know? Did she think it too? And, if so, how did it affect her? I began to form desperate resolutions in my impatience. Because I had been foolish and weak once, there was surely no necessity that my whole life should be sacrificed.

Lady Nugent was nothing to me in such a case as this. A little while ago, it is true, I had suffered myself to drift slightly on in the way she wished me to drift; but I was ignorant then. I knew better now. Things were altogether different with me. I would brave my aunt; I would tell Cecil—

At this point I stopped. The face of my cousin came and looked at me from beside that other one in my unpalatable picture. It was not exactly like it used to be; it had a worn look, an absent, worried expression in the eyes; and her manner to me was changed. It was impatient and pettish. In spite of my preoccupation I had noticed this, and wondered. What if Cecil did care for me after all in real earnest!

It was useless to say to myself, "I can't help it; it is not my fault," because to a certain extent it was my fault. Lady Nugent had paraded us before the world as lovers, and I had idly accepted the position. I was to blame.

As I rang the bell at Providence Villa, I felt in myself that I was wretched; and I felt also that, from a woman like my aunt, no quarter was to be expected. I felt this still more strongly when I went into the drawing-room and saw her sitting in a chair at the window, with her work fallen idly upon her lap.

Lady Nugent was too busy a woman to like idleness; something her fingers must do to keep up a sort of accompaniment to the thoughts which she was forever turning over in her brain. It was ominous, therefore, to see her this evening with those same rapid fingers tightly interlaced, while the lips that opened to speak to me seemed thinner and sterner than ever.

"You are come to walk with us, Robert, I suppose?" said she. "It is early yet, but, perhaps, Cecil will not go; and if so, I shall not leave her."

"Not go?" I stammered. "Why?"

"She has a headache," replied my aunt, briefly.

"I am sorry," said I. "Cis is not given to headaches."

"No, she is not; but Cecil has not been well lately; something is wrong," said my aunt, severely; "but I do not. You might have noticed her paleness; but I dare say you haven't. I suppose a mother's eye is the keenest, although one would have thought—"

She broke off abruptly, still looking at me with a sort of contemptuous questioning, and I was obliged to confess that I had thought Cecil was looking ill.

"Exactly, Robert; she does look ill," said my aunt. "She frightened me last night, and I do not easily take fright. If you two have had any foolish quarrel—but there, I must leave you to settle that for yourselves; only, if you can persuade Cecil to go out to-night, instead of moping at home, I think it would be better for her. It is useless for me to speak, I know; but she will listen to you."

This was pleasant. I heard the retreating footsteps, and could have stamped my own foot at them in despair. I had a horrible conviction that a crisis must come—nay, had come already; and how was I to meet it? If I could have gone up to Cecil, and spoken to her calmly, if I could have said, "Let all this force be ended; I do not love you; I never did love you, except as a brother might love his sister!" But then I could not do this. If she cared for me, it would be brutal to do so.

I heard Cecil come in and close the door, and I confess that my heart beat uncomfortably.

"Robert," said she.

I turned round with as good an affectation of carelessness as I could command, but it broke down into an impulsive exclamation when I saw her.

"Why, Cis," said I. "You have been crying!"

She tried a retort, but it was rather a failure.

"You have been crying," I repeated, "and I don't believe you are well. We are cousins, you know, Cis. Is there anything I can help you in?"

"Yes, there is," she replied. "I want to speak to you, Robert. We have been good friends always, haven't we?"

"To be sure we have," said I.

"I want to be good friends still," said Cecil. "I want you to promise that you will think none the worse of me for what I am going to say."

"I think," I said, gravely, "that you can have nothing to tell which would lessen my respect for you."

"Thanks," said Cecil. "It is about myself. We are neither of us blind, Robert, though we have been acting as if we thought each other so. You know as well as I do what has been, and what is, in my mother's mind respecting us. Must I speak plainly?"

"No," said I.

"Well then, Robert," she continued, "I

don't think you have dealt quite fairly by me."

I felt as if a big hand was rising up behind the airy castle I had been building only an hour ago, but I did not answer.

"You know you never cared for me," she said; "at least in that sort of way. If you will not speak, Robert, I must."

The hand got nearer and bigger.

"But you have behaved as if you cared," she continued. "You have led mamma on to believe that things were turning as she wished them to turn. By fits and starts, in a languid sort of way, you have tried to make me care for you, Robert; you cannot deny it."

A spark of excitement had risen to her eye, and the traces of tears were all gone.

"Well, Cis—"

"Don't say anything yet," she interrupted. "I repeat, you have not dealt fairly by me. A girl cannot refuse or accept a man until he has offered himself, can she? In plain words, you would neither retreat nor come forward, and what was I to do? If ever I seemed to draw you on—"

"Which you did," said I.

"Which perhaps I did," said Cecil. "I cannot tell. If I did, it was in order that you might ask for my answer, and get it, Robert. You have made me very unhappy, Robert."

I felt my heart leap up into my throat, and my brain grow hot. What was coming next?

"Now, for the truth," said Cecil.

"Stop one moment, Cecil," said I. "Let me tell you—"

"I will let you tell me nothing yet," she interrupted. "Robert, I am engaged to Charlie Ferrars. Do you think that while you are acting as you do now, mamma will listen to one word about him?"

In the new light that dawned upon me, I think I was nearer falling in love with Cecil than ever I had been in my life.

"Charlie Ferrars?" I cried; "and he came down here to plead his cause with my aunt; and she told him she had other views for you, oh? Wouldn't let him see you, perhaps; so that was why he had an idea of throwing himself over the Castle Cliff. I see it all. Oh, Cis!"

"You are not vexed with me?" said Cecil.

"Vexed!" said I. "If you could only know what it is to me! So I am to draw back for Charlie, and all the ones is to fall upon me? I am to pretend that I won't have you?"

"Robert!" she exclaimed.

"Do you really love him, Cis?" said I. "He is the best fellow in the world."

I began searching about for my hat, which was in my left hand all the time.

"What are you doing, Robert?" she asked.

"I thought you would help me."

"So I can do—so I will," I replied. "Go to the promenade, Cis; you must. Tell my aunt I am to meet you. I will do that anyhow; only don't keep me now."

In less than half an hour I was out on the balcony of Mr. Penryn's lodging, and Constance was with me—very close to me; I might even confess that my arm was round her. And casual passers by could look up if they chose; they could see nothing for the heavy curtain over the window behind us. Even if they could have seen, I don't think, in my then state of mind, that I should have cared; and Constance was saying, "But you never meant that? You could not have had the heart to stay away from Nugent."

"But I should, though," said I. "If you had said anything else, I would never have gone near the place. Are you sure that I am quite awake—that 'tis a real 'you' I have here, or only a dream?"

"Do I look like a dream?" she asked.

"Yes, you do, very," I replied. "I can hardly believe you are not one. Why do you move away? I don't want to go. I am content. The world has been very good to me to-night."

"But, Robert, you said—"

"Ah, poor Cecil!" said I. "And you won't mind helping her, for my sake? Come, then."

Once more under the lamps on the promenade. The band was playing, the seats under the colonnade were full, and, passing along by the sea-wall, I saw the fisherman's boat in the ripple of the moonlight, just as though he had never stirred from his post, but stayed there to see the end. And there, among the upward stream of people came my aunt and Cecil, Lady Nugent, pale, stern, displeased; Cecil with her head bent down. My heart gave me one great throb of anticipation; then I drew the little hand within my arm tighter, and went forward boldly. I saw my aunt's eye fall upon me—upon us, rather. I saw the little start which she could not repress, the sudden, haughty questioning, and drawing herself up. Then I spoke.

"Aunt," said I, "let me introduce Miss Penryn, the daughter of our vicar at Nugent. Constance, this is Lady Nugent, my aunt."

The color that was so seldom there, flashed red over Lady Nugent's cheeks; one single withering look fell upon me, and then all sign of emotion was gone, and she was making her little cold, matter of fact speech to my future wife—accepting the position. She was a clever woman. But, better than this, I had caught a glance from Cecil, strangely bright. I had seen the hand clasp with which she greeted Constance, and vague pictures of future meetings at Nugent for us all began to flit before me. I might have tried to catch what the two girls were talking about; but I was busy giving my aunt a summary of Charlie Ferrars's prospects, and claiming my right, as Cecil's nearest male relative, of giving to her a marriage portion.

Perhaps Cecil heard Charlie's name, and was wicked enough to listen. I don't know. At any rate, when I had them good night, and good-by—for of course I was going to Nugent with the Penryns—Cecil lingered a little behind the others, and came up close to me.

"Good-by, and God bless you, Robert," said she. "If I said anything hard to you this evening, forget it. I hope you'll be as happy as I am."

Female Spies.

The Union females frequently made incursions through the lines, and penetrated the depths of the Confederacy, gaining important information regarding the movements of the enemy, etc. Of these the most daring was a handsome young actress, who had been a great favorite at Wood's Theatre in Louisville. She has since, we understand, published a yellow-covered history of her operations in the Confederacy. But the most interesting part of it has never been written. It was the manner in which she was engaged as a spy, and the cunning plan by which she was delivered through the lines to the Confederates as an "enemy" to the Union. If we mistake not, she was playing a part in the "Seven Sisters," when it occurred to the Provost Marshal that she would be just the "trick" for a spy. It was accordingly proposed to her, and she "accepted" the situation in good faith, "agreeing to abide by and follow out the instructions laid down. In one of the scenes a banquet occurs, at which each of the performers gave a toast, in which they aimed to make a "local hit." It was understood that this actress should advance to the footlights and drink "the health of Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy," when she was to be instantaneously arrested by the Provost Marshal, who was on hand with his guard for that purpose. The programme was carried out to the letter, and the result was a great sensation. The audience in their bewilderment could scarcely believe their ears, eyes or senses, and as she was a favorite on the Louisville boards, the sympathy for the supposed rash young lady was deep and earnest, although her friends were powerless to help her, or save their pet from the impending doom.

On the following day this incident (not set down in the programme,) was the topic of conversation, and many were the expressions of sympathy for this act of madness in the very teeth of the blue-coats and bristling bayonets. It will be recollected that at that time the theatres were under the supervision of a provost guard, who were ready to "snatch" the first one who committed, by act or word a breach of loyalty. The newspapers recorded the arrest of the fair actress, and in due time it was announced that she was to be sent through the lines for disloyalty to the government. This was considered a lenient sentence, but it was generally supposed that she was deemed a monomaniac, by the military authorities. Of course, no persons but himself and two or three of the military were supposed to be in the secret, or had any idea that it was all premeditated on her part.

When the day for her departure arrived, she was conducted to the outposts with the usual baggage allowed in such cases in which were stowed away copies of the papers containing accounts of the affair. The guards who conducted her to the line of Dixie were no doubt in total ignorance of the fact that she was on her mission as a Federal spy.

The ruse succeeded admirably, and she had scarcely penetrated the Confederate lines until the much-abused young lady was received with open arms by a detachment of the "enemy" as a martyr to their cause. Her career in the South with the armies of Generals Bragg, Morgan and others, and her triumphant reception on the Richmond boards as the persecuted actress of the North, together with her subsequent detection, conviction, and sentence of death as a Federal spy, are all matters of yellow-covered history. She was rescued from prison at the fall of Murfreesboro, when the Federals took possession, and sent to Nashville, where she had a big reception and received some handsome presents from those who appreciated her trials and faithfulness to the Union cause. The government afterward commissioned her as a major, and for aught we know she wears the rank to-day and receives pay, though we have not heard of her ever having been assigned to the command of any department. The last account we had of her she was one of the attractions at a New York theatre. Here ended the first chapter of the operations of Federal spies in this city during the war.—Louisville Courier.

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He Hadn't any Objection.

A One-Horse Nigger.

What is Solitude ?

THE The proudest triumph in a man's life is when he makes a friend of an enemy. The joy is then akin to that which angels feel as they rejoice over a sinner that repenteth.



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ten dollars or more a year for periodicals. It will pay you compound interest, and whatever you can do with your money on the farm or about your home that will exert an influence towards making your boys content.

Bottled Cider.

ment upon one acre, keeping an accurate account of the cost of reclamation, and the value of its products for five years, they would find that the products of the land would give an income three or four times as large as

RECEIPTS.

just water enough to keep them from burning. Bake them until they are tender, but not until they break. When they are cold, eat them with whipped cream heaped over them for dinner, or plain cream for tea.

Enigma.

Problem.

Problem.

Connndrums.

Answers to Test:

same date. The distance from A to B is 180.6 feet. C. P. Norton.